

From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

THOU ART GANE AWA'.

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',

Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, MARY;

Nor friends, nor I could make thee stay,

Thou'st cheated them and me, MARY.

Until this hour I never thought

That aught could alter thee, MARY;

Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,

Think what you will of me, MARY.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,

Wha stole that heart of thine, Mary,

True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,

Or nae sie love as mine, Mary.

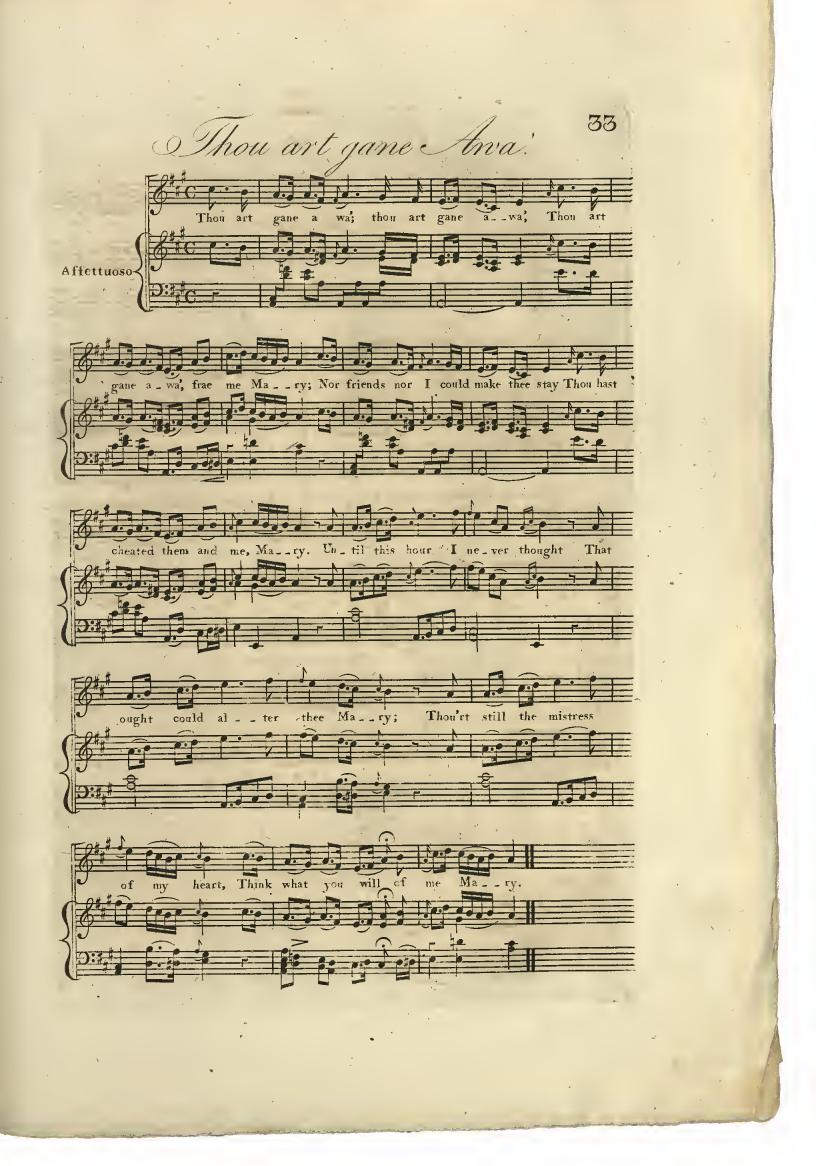
I spoke sineere, nor flatter'd much,

Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;

Ambition, wealth, and naething such—

No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,
I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, MARY;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, MARY;
So then farewel! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, MARY;
For all the world I'd not endure,
Half what I've done for thee, MARY.



From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW